THE COMPANION

AND WEEKLY MISCELLANY.

BY EDWARD EASY, ESQ.

—"*A safe* COMPANION, *and an* EASY *Friend.*"—Pope.—

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FOR THE EDITOR.

NO. 9.—CONFIDENTIAL COMMUNICATION OF A SYLPH.

Continuation of an Essay on the influence of the French Revolution on letters and Science in Europe, &c. &c.

UNDER such circumstances, how brilliant is the dawn that breaks upon AMERICA! How premature an eclat may be reserved for her if with a noble ambition, a generous emulation, she avails herself of this conjuncture, hitherto unexampled in the history of ages, and opens her fostering bosom, to become the asylum of the weeping muses.

When *twenty-three years* have sufficed, to draw forth so many cities, from the midst of solitary deserts, and to lay the foundations of so immense an edifice, which, however much may be left to desire for it, has yet an undoubted right to excite the admiration of every observer, who can doubt that the same lapse of time, henceforth employed by able hands in collecting the wrecks of the ancient continent, will give this country, the immortal glory of having resuscitated Athens!

The singular state of Europe, in some parts palsied; in others attacked with strange convulsions; the example in short of the prosperity of those countries, already delivered from her yoke on this continent; all announce that her feeble hands, cannot long retain the possession of the two Indies.

This new revolution which must emancipate *all America*, & which a general peace can alone retard, must also occasion an immense change in the situation of the United States; and procure them so much the more promptly, by the augmentation of their wealth, the means of placing themselves on a level with the ancient republics by the reception they may give to the learned, by their generosity, and by the magnificence of their tastes, in every public as well as private enterprize. I delight in anticipating this grand epocha, which must immortalize the age which will witness it, and the enlightened men who will have known how to profit by it for the glory of their country; and I already hail the auspicious day, as Moses, from Mount Nebo, blessed the smiling plains of the land of promise.*

It is because I perceive these events hastening with incredible rapidity, that I exclaim with the impatience of the Mantuan Bard: "Yes I would, *O Columbia!* lead the nine sisters to thee, and transplant to thy shores the palms of Apollo."†

I most ardently desire to see, elevated and patriotic minds warmly unite to welcome the fugitive arts and sciences, and to yield them the only refuge, that will perhaps, ere long, be left to liberty, to peace and genius.

And it is this that sometimes prompts me to arm myself with the critic's rod, to arouse the energy of some, to support the courage of others, and to excite the emulation of all.

Doubt is the beginning of wisdom, said Aristotle, and this is why it is the fate of self-sufficiency, which can alone be offended at advice, to vegetate contentedly in ignorance and absurdity. And this prompted one of the brightest geniuses of the 17th century, to say that without criticism, *mankind would be worse even than they are*‡ If this truth required demonstration, it would only be necessary to take a retrospect of the picture I have drawn of the degradation of mind in Europe, and the melancholy effects it produces there.

* Deut. chap. 34.

† Primus ego in patriam mecum, &c. GEORGICS, b. iii.

‡ La Bruyere, author of the characters known under his name.

The ancients had Aristarchus,*Aristophanes, Lucian: they had also Horace, Persius, Martial & Juvenal. The moderns have had Cervantes, Pope, Swift, Bolingbroke and Churchill; Pascal, Boileau and Voltaire: It has been by the Dunciads, the Spectator, the Persian Letters, the Pleasantries of le Sage, and the numerous and unrestrained Epigrams of the *Secret Memoirs of the Republic of Letters*, that taste has been improved and preserved; Manners have been polished, follies corrected, and even political vices, often reformed or restrained.

It has been in short, to the lash of satire, as much as to the elevation of genius of their chiefs, that the nations which have been conspicuous in literary glory as well as in that of the arts, have owed all the delicacy of their civilization.

I must not omit observing, that even under those monarchs who have been stigmatized with the name of despots, the voice of criticism dared to attack the abuses of courts, the clergy, the nobility, academies and the various classes of society; and that it attacked even the fundamental and oragnic institutions of states. Assuredly it would not have been difficult for those governments, offended often even in the person of their chiefs, to silence the reproving clamours, whose authors scarcely veiled themselves under the slightest concealment.

But such was the respect that these governments, such as they were, bore, or were obliged to bear, to the independance of genius, that they generally dissimulated the offences they might receive, in the fear of clashing with public opinion, by punishing those who were the authors of these bold reprehensions.†

The indulgence which governments so often extended to the rash attacks of individuals, sufficiently proves as Horace has said "that painters and poets have always been privileged in every civilized country."

——————Pictoribus atque poëtis
Quidlibet audendi semper fuit æqua potestas:‡

In fact every nation has found its Ægis, until very lately, in criticism and raillery, in epigram and satire, both of the pencil and the pen.

England has its *caricature* which spares no one, not even the king, the magistrates, the generals or the nation itself.

The Italians, notwithstanding the inquisition, have had their *Pasquin* and *Marforio*.‡

The French have had their songs, and Paris, notwithstanding the abject state of the press, has retained its *Théatres des Boulevards*, where jests and farces, now and then avenge the humiliated condition of the people.

If then under monarchies, under the severest despotisms, independance of mind has preserved such a privilege; if taste although enchained, may still exercise this species of power over opinion, in despite even of oppression; why should it be more timid in free and republcan states?

And if it is true, as Plato has said, "*that the caprices of a people flattered, are still more* INSUPPORTABLE *than those of a Prince spoiled by adulation.*" If it is true that cringing and cajolery, are as *base* when excercised towards the people as towards kings; and that it is as fatal to one as to the other: must we then be silent to the faults of nations as well as those of tyrants?

If such must be the subjection of the mind, what man of genius is there, who would not exclaim with *Philoxenes*, lead me back again to the quarries!*

Because at least under a despotism, the shame of slavery is in some degree palliated by the honours and rewards, which the *master* bestows on those who offer him incense; whilst those who flatter the people do not less degrade themselves, without obtaining any compensation; for the sovereign is every where, to exact respect and reserve, while he is found no where to encourage and reward. It would however be unjust, to accuse all republics of this vice: because if letters & the arts, were covered with glory & consideration under Augustus, Louis XIV. and so many other princes, the inimitable perfection which they attained under the republics of Greece; the grandeur of their productions in the last ages of the Roman republic; the reception they met with in the republic of Holland and the munificence

* Aristarchus of Samothrace, one of the most excellent critics of antiquity, and whose name has passed into an epithet applied to those who criticise. He flourished 150 years before the christian era.

† See the appendix at the end of this article.

‡ Horace's art of poetry, ver. 9, 10.

‡ Two mutilated statues of Rome, upon which it is the custom to inscribe jests by means of which libels are circulated even against the person of the Pope. It is from thence that the word pasquinade is derived, synonimous with that of satire or epigram.

* Philoxenes was a Greek poet, celebrated for his satires. He had such an aversion to indifferent poets, that *Dionysius the tyrant* could never obtain his approbation of his verses. He freely gave his opinion of them and Dionysius to punish him, condemned him to *the quarries*. The very day on which the tyrant restored him to liberty and admitted him to his table, in the hopes of soothing him to approve his productions: when he asked his guest his opinion of a piece which he considered as his master piece, the poet contented himself with coldly replying: *Let them conduct me again to the quarries*! the Despot felt the meaning of these words, and no longer persecuted Philoxenes.

with which they were treated by the republic of Florence, sufficiently prove that no government remains a stranger to this species of glory, when once the ambition and the taste for it, is inspired in the nation.

But to attain this object it must be remembered, that pitriotism, no more tolerates weakness towards our country, than friendship admits it between friends, or than it is allowable from a father towards his children; because would it evince a true attachment either to the one or to the other, to suffer them to continue in ridiculous habits and even extol these habits as meritorious. Is it not then on the contrary, that the playful smile of raillery, lends its aid to the cold representations of reason; since the lessons that immediately touch self-love, act much more powerfully upon men, than all the efforts of logic!

Thus the first object of the tutelary liberty of the press is not to give the maniac or the fanatic, without learning, without education, without experience, without conduct, and without knowledge of mankind, the dangerous right of attacking the laws, the honour of magistrates, the reputation of public institutions, and to provoke as it were, a species of *ostracism** against the best and most useful citizens; but the true spirit of this liberty is to tolerate this inconvenience, in the hope that the state may sometimes profit by the knowledge of the sage, for the amelioration of manners, the diffusion of information, and the overthrow of prejudice.

When then criticism is decent, free from all gross personalities, and restrained within the bounds of the respect due to religion—the laws and the magistrates; (conditions however so rare let it be said en passant, among satirists:) then it is a DUTY towards our country, and the great republic of letters: to which no nation really proud can remain a stranger, and this duty becomes so much the more urgent, as in labouring to enlighten a country in stimulating emulation, in abolishing national prejudices, a new and useful developement is offered to industry, while it opens to genius, a vast career of glory.

(To be concluded in our next.)

APPENDIX.

Much has been said of the Bastille, and the taking of it, or rather, its *capitulation* has been celebrated with inconceivable extravagance—it may be interesting to those who are not perfectly acquainted with this *immortal victory* of liberty over *despotism*, to know exactly *the innumerable mass of victims*, that this prison contained, at the moment its doors were opened; that is to say, when France had already furnished incendiary authors. There were .... seven .... and perhaps it would not be displaced to mention who they were. The first was the *Count de Sades*; who had been twice condemned to mount the scaffold, in consequence of assassinations, rapes, and crimes against nature. He was besides the author of the most execrable of books: *Justine*, of which the name alone suffices to inspire horror ... and which in every country, would have entitled its author to capital punishment. The second was a person who had *forged bills* on Messrs. *Tourton et Ravel* famous bankers of Paris. A man called Poupart de Beaubourg, who had been implicated in this affair, was then one of the electors of Paris most cherished by the people. At the head of an assemblage of persons he marched to the Bastille, to save his accomplice, accompanied by two other persons worthy of his society. The one was the famous Abbé *Fauchet*, afterwards constitutional bishop of Calvados, and whom Robespierre since beheaded with the Girondistes. The other was named Hullin, then in the pay of the Orleans party, and who since presided in the military commission that assassinated the Duke D'Enghien at Vincennes; as for Poupart de Beaubourg, his former friends soon made him mount the gallows in his turn, where, like the Abbé Fauchet before his execution, he warmly deplored his revolutionary errors.

The third of the prisoners of state in the Bastille, was a Comte de Lorges, who was *mad*, and had been confined by his family; he was led all over Paris, to exhibit his *long beard* to the people, as an incontestible proof of the necessity of changing the government. A national pension was granted him with a great deal of parade; he was then put on the list of annuities, and finally left to die in the hospital of madmen.

The 4th was *M. de la Tude*, officer of the corps royal du Génie, he had been detained for having dared to give information of a pretended *conspiracy* which he had himself invented, for the purpose of obtaining a pension and advancement. After having been shewn to the public as a curiosity in 1798, his liberators cut off his head in 1793 or '94. The three others never made known their names, nor the causes of their confinement; which certainly gives rational reason to suppose that they were ashamed to acknowledge themselves, or that they recognized the justice of their detention.

I could compare this *fact* with the present known state of things. I could say, that since the pretended TRANQUILLITY that some persons assert is now enjoyed in

* Ostracism, the law by which the Athenian people, exiled for ten years, those whose political influence they dreaded.

France, there is not a single prison or castle, that is not filled with prisoners of state. I could speak of the arrestations which are disguised under the softened appellation of *Surveillance*, which *only* arbitrarily removes a citizen three hundred miles, more or less, from his family and his occupations, to give him a town for his *prison*. I could speak of the endless number of suspected persons, who are obliged to sign their names every day, or several times a week in a register, in order that they may be always within reach. I could add that there exists in France and the countries it has conquered a million of persons of all sexes and ranks, who prove this fate, which the general state of degradation, has subdued them to consider *as a favour!*..But I restrain myself as I would not too far digress from my subject.

M. A.

FOR THE COMPANION.

Sir,

In the present scarcity of original matter if you think the following trifles (which you may easily observe are truly original *) merit a place in your Miscellany, they are very much at your service.*

Yours, &c.

——————Tenet insanabile multos
Scribendi cacoethes, ægroque corde senescit.

JUVENAL.

In these enlightened days, when philanthropists are continually inventing remedies for all diseases incident to the human frame, it is the duty of every person who has made any discovery in this way, to communicate it to the public. This is my inducement for offering you the following recipe for the cacoethes scribendi, for no malady perhaps which has ever spread its influence over the world, has been more extensive in its operations, or more generally complained of; yet I believe no mode of treatment, adequate to its cure, has hitherto been discovered.

Whenever I feel the symptoms of this disease, I put a little ink into a goose-quill cut in the form of a pen, and place it between the first and second fingers of my right hand, supporting it in its place by the pressure of the thumb, draw it in various directions, as fancy dictates, over a sheet of clean white paper. Whether the paper strongly reflecting the rays of the sun, and, being therefore cool in itself, imparts a similar coolness to the fingers approximated to it, or whether the ink exceding through the pores of the quill and absorbed by the fingers, produces the effect, I leave it to those who are more skilled in physics to determine; but certain it is that in a few minutes that itching inflamation in the fingers, which is the strongest symptom of this disease, is entirely removed.

A very strong argument which may be urged in favour of this remedy is, that the disease itself may thus be turned to advantage, for the characters which are formed by this healing operation, may when properly combined, impart instruction or afford entertainment. I would therefore advise those who are afflicted with this disease, to try my prescription, and send their productions to the Companion. Mr. Easy will select those which are fit to meet the public view; and the rest may be thrown, where many better things have gone before them—into the fire.

DUPONT.

From an European Periodical Publication.

STORY OF LYSANDER AND EUMENES.

BY SOLOMON SAUNTER, ESQ.

(Concluded from page 390.)

It was, undoubtedly, derogatory to a judge's dignity, to remain longer in a mere cottage than was absolutely necessary—and this was no more: for, the room they were in had a brick floor; a whited wall, adorned with pewter and copper utensils; the table was only of deal. However, Lysander made his dignity, for once, give way to his host's hospitality; though he felt some few uneasy sensations, while his servants were eating in the same room with himself. What, however, was to be done? There was no other room in the mansion, & Lysander was not inhuman. At length, however, the servants had satisfied their appetite; the rain was a little abated; and they departed in quest of the chariot, and their master's dignity.

A little fatigued, and feeling inclined to quiescence by the potency of the ale, Judge Lysander leaned back in his wicker elbow-chair, and surveyed the habitation. He had already performed this operation three times, when a delicate fair young woman caught his eye. He was surprised to find not merely beauty, but grace and elegance, in a cottage; and it occurred to him, that the other human beings who surrounded him, might be as worthy of his regards, as the shining pewter plates that decorated the shelves. He now, therefore, turned his attention to the young people; found they possessed an air of superior dignity, if it were possible to apply such a word to the inmates of a cottage; and, that their manners were such as would not disgrace a Court. He then looked at the father and mother; who had, for some time, observing that their

guest had noticed them so little, been gazing at him, and conversing in a low voice together. In the mother, he saw the countenance of discretion; the remains of elegance, subdued by station; an illumined eye, that bespoke a cultivated mind, and a dress, though suited to a cottage, yet such as displayed the true gentlewoman. His surprise every moment increased! He looked at his host; and, in the thin, pale man, who sat at the opposite side of the fire, he saw—Eumenes!

The discovery was no sooner made, than all the better feelings of Lysander's heart were roused, and he was in an instant in the arms of his friend. The young people gazed in surprize: the eyes of the mother betrayed her emotion; those of Lysander and Eumenes overflowed. As soon as the first transport was over, "I told you," said Eumenes to his wife, "I told you that he had a warm, affectionate heart!"

"How is it, dear Eumenes," said Lysander, "that I see you here? When we parted, in early youth, your prospects were as fair as mine; your patrimony, as large; your talents, more brilliant—how is it, that our fortunes are so different?"

"Fortune, to be sure," replied Eumenes, "has not smiled on me: but instead of splendour, I possess happiness—instead of dignity, virtue."

"They are not, I hope necessarily incompatible?" answered Lysander.

"Pardon me, my friend," said Eumenes; "I spoke, at the moment, with the silly pride of a disappointed man—at least, so it must have appeared to you! But, believe me, I meant no misanthrophic reflections—I doubt not, that your happier lot combines all those advantages."

"Of that yourself shall judge, Eumenes," replied the Judge; "for that lot you must consent, henceforth, to share or it will lose all its advantages to me. I will introduce your wife to my Leonora, your children to mine; they shall renew the friendship of their fathers—perhaps, cement it by still closer ties;"

"In this warmth," returned Eumenes, "I recognize my own Lysander—but you shall hear my story!

"You may remember that, at Cambridge, I felt a strong bent for the study of physic; and at the very time that you devoted yourself to jurisprudence, I was tending medical lectures, and amusing my leisure hours with poetry. When we separated, on leaving Cambridge, we lost sight of each other; not, I am persuaded, from any abatement of attachment on either side, but from the difference of our pursuits. I spent one year at Edinburgh, and another at Leyden; and, having obtained a sufficient stock of medical knowledge, I fixed myself in a distant town, having first taken out my diploma. I found it difficult to subsist: for the situation of the town was healthy; and the apothecary of the place had, from time immemorial, been in possession of the title of doctor. Either no body was sick, or nobody chose to send for me; and my patrimony had been very much lessened, in the pursuit of medical education.

"This deficiency I had made no doubt of speedily supplying, when I began to practise: for I was conscious of knowledge, and I had never been reckoned deficient in benevolence. To amuse my leisure hours, of which I had enough, I wrote verses; but the inhabitants of this town had no turn for verses, and I determined to change my quarters. I removed to another: and succeeded a physician of some eminence, in a great part of his practice. Fees now flowed in with tolerable rapidity. I was also courted, as a companion; and Felicia perused my verses with pleasure!—They even made me an interest in her heart; and a lingering hectic complaint, of which I had the happiness to cure her, endeared us both to each other.

"Felicia's father was rich, but I was getting into very good practice. Unfortunately, the old gentleman wished some more time to elapse before he gave me his daughter. I told him he was wrong; for that, till I could call her my own, I should be less able to attend to business. The truth of this reasoning availed nothing with the obstinate old man, and I lost my time and my practice. I was no longer thought worthy of the hand of Felicia, and it was disposed of to a dealer in sugar.

"Enraged with Felicia, her father, and physic, I gave up my thoughts wholly to the Muses, and produced a play. There was no theatre, and I resolved to publish it. While it was in the press, I was once more called in to a patient. This was a crabbed old woman, who had a lovely niece. Now, the bright eyes of this certain Emilia soon obliterated all the traces Felicia had left in my heart, and the obstinacy of the old lady's complaint, gave me time to obtain a share of her favour. At length, the old aunt recovered; and Emilia, very conveniently fell sick. My visits, therefore, continued: but the watchful old maid perceived the purpose of my heart; and Emilia was consigned to the care of the apothecary, an old man of sixty, and father of a numerous family. I made my proposals in form: and was told, that Emilia's hand was destined for a cousin of hers, then in India; and that, if it were not, it should never be given to a poet.

"Emilia liked this arrangement no better than I did; and, as she could not conceive that she owed implicit obe-

dience to this old aunt, with whom she had not resided above a twelvemonth ; and, as she knew nothing very favourable of the cousin in India ; she agreed to disappoint the old lady's schemes, and give herself to me. As she was two-and-twenty, and her little fortune not under any restrictions, this was attended with no difficulty, and Emilia became my wife. The old lady's vengeance, however, deprived me of many of my patients : many more objected to a writing doctor ; and a circumstance, in which the preference was given to an ignorant young man, who had neither studied at Edinburgh nor at Leyden, disgusted me with physic.

" About this time, an uncle of mine died, and left me five thousand pounds. We calculated on our future mode of life ; and found, that the interest of our money would enable us to live without the assistance of medicine. We took a small house, in a beautiful village ; deposited our fortune in a capital mercantile house ; and, for many years, enjoyed all the comforts of leisure and independance. We brought up our girls, to suit any station ; and I have two boys, fighting for their country. Our income, which some fortunate circumstances had increased, was regularly remitted to us by my mercantile friend ; but, about four years ago, the house broke, and we were involved in the ruin !

" Sick of the world, we retired hither : grieved only for our children; who, however, support the demolition of all their more brilliant prospects with dutiful resignition. For my part," continued Eumenes, " I am satisfied for myself!—I have not long to live ; disappointment, and uneasiness, have preyed on my health, and a few months will terminate my life. My wife, and my children, might perhaps live to thank the friendship of Lysander——"

" And they may depend on it !" exclaimed Lysander. Nor did he break his promise. Poor Eumenes was, indeed, soon after consigned to the grave ; ending, in obscurity a life whose morning promised more unclouded sunshine. The widow and orphans, were removed to Lysander's house ; where a more intimate connection took place between the children, than had ever subsisted between the parents ; and Lysander joyfully became the father of two of the daughters of Eumenes.

Not, always, do those, who set out in life with equal prospects, enjoy the same good fortune ! Nor does prosperity universally harden, or adversity uniformly sour, the human heart !

VARIETY.

" There are few," says Burns, " of the sore evils under the sun, give me more uneasiness and chagrin, than the comparison how a man of genius, nay, of avowed worth, is received every where, with the reception which a mere ordinary character, decorated with the trappings and futile distinctions of fortune, meets. I imagine a man of abilities, his breast glowing with honest pride, conscious that men are born equal, still giving *honour to whom honour is due* ; he meets at a great man's table, a 'Squire something or Sir somebody : he knows the *noble* landlord at heart, gives the bard, or whatever he is, a share of his good wishes, beyond perhaps, any one at table ; yet how will it mortify him to see a fellow, whose abilities would scarcely have made an *eight-penny-taylor*, and whose heart is not worth three farthings, meet with attention and notice, that are withheld from the son of genius and poverty ?"

Sir Willliam Jones, no more distinguished in the literary world, for the solid and useful acquirements of science than all the brighter accomplishments of fancy, has given the following beautiful Version of a *Sonnet* from Petrarch.

Zephiro torpa e il bel tempe rinnea.

In this fair season when the whispering gales,
Drop show'rs of fragrance o'er the bloomy vales,
From bow'r to bow'r the vernal warblers play,
The skies are cloudless and the meads are gay,
The nightingale in many a melting strain,
Sings to the groves, " here mirth and beauty reign."
But me forever bath'd in gushing tears,
No mirth enlivens, and no beauty cheers ;
The birds that warble and the flow'rs that bloom,
Relieve no more the solitary gloom.
I see where late the verdant meadow smil'd
A joyless desert and a dreary wild :
For those dear eyes that pierc'd my heart before,
Are clos'd in death, and charm the world no more;
Lost are those tresses that outshone the morn,
And pale those cheeks that might the skies adorn.

The following compliment, translated from some beautiful Italian Stanzas, is quite new to us.

" As, Venus, late you miss'd your boy,
And anxious sought where he had stray'd :
" One kiss," you cried, " I'll give with joy,
To him who knows where Cupid's laid."

Give me the kiss ;...for see he lies
In the dark heaven of Rosa's eyes ;
Or bid my Rosa's lips bestow
The kiss, and yours I will forego.

The pathetic beauty of these lines will be felt by every maternal heart.

TO FREDERIC.

Though friendship may sooth me with tenderness sweet,
  Benevolence open her arms,
And bless my poor heart with this tranquil retreat,
  Secure from life's cruel alarms—

Still true to its object, an instinct divine,
  Draws me nearer, the further we part,
My being's best essence, my Frederic, is thine,
  Thou child of my soul, of my heart.

Surrounded by many my bosom holds dear,
  Dear friends that solace the day,
Yet the vigils of night claim the bitterest tear
  A mother bereaved can pay.

Sole source of exertion, dear object of hope,
  Who taught me when sunk in despair
With the anguish of blasted enjoyment to cope,
  And smile on the fetters of care—

Say wilt thou when time shall have mellow'd thy brow,
  And his down shade the rose on thy cheek,
With the voice of maturity, fondly as now,
  The language of tenderness speak.

In the hey-day of youth wilt thou stop to reflect?
  What pangs thro' this bosom must press,
Should it meet the cold glance of unfeeling neglect,
  From the child it has langush'd to bless!

When tottering with age, or grief's early decay,
  Shall thy love, my best comforter, be,
Wilt thou cherish the parent so wrinkled and grey,
  Who knows no potector but thee.

Shall I view in my darling, thus blessing and blest,
  His father's dear image restor'd—
Then sinking to death on thy dutiful breast,
  Revisit my husband, my lord.

H.

ANECDOTE OF CHATTERTON.

An old gentleman that possessed a great respect for men of uncommon literary talents, & who frequently conversed with Chatterton, at the cyder-cellar, in Maiden-lane, gave a loose to his good nature one evening, and requested the pleasure of the poet's company to supper at his house. When the cloth was removed, some very sour wine was placed upon the table, which the generous old gentleman praised very evtravagantly as he was filling Chatterton's glass, requesting him at the same time to drink a bumper to the memory of Shakespeare. The inspired youth had not finished his glass, when tears stood trembling in his eyes, and instantly rolled down his cheeks. "God bless me!" says the old gentleman, "you are in tears, Mr. Chatterton,"—"yes sir," says the bard, "this dead wine of yours, compels me to shed tears, but by H----n, they are not tears of veneration!"

A bad painter having turned physician, was asked what made him change his profession; "I thought it best," said he, "to pursue that whose blunders are hidden *under ground!*"

What bard, oh! Time, discover,
With wings first made thee move?
Sure if he were a lover,
He ne'er had left his love;
For who that once did prove
The pangs that absence brings,
Tho' but one day he were away,
Could picture thee with wings.

On a Statue of Apollo crowning Merit.

Merit, if thou'rt blest with riches,
For God's sake buy a pair of breeches,
And give them to thy naked brother,
For one good turn deserves another.

TO READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

We regret that indisposition and some other causes have absolutely prevented our visiting the theatre since its opening this season. We understand that the house has been very much improved in its appearance and decorations, and that the company has received some important reinforcement. We purpose visiting it this week, and shall feel the utmost pleasure in making a favourable report of it, to our readers.

We give publication to a piece in prose, signed DUPONT, because it accompanied some very pretty poetry, with the same signature. We can scarcely suppose it possible that they should have been the production of the same pen—the prose being so much below mediocrity, that we scarcely feel justified in its insertion. Should however, the same person have been the author of both, we would strongly recommend him to devote his leisure to poetry, as in it his talent certainly lies, and we shall always receive with pleasure, the effusions of his muse.

We are delighted with our new correspondent B. His imitation of Moore, is really beautiful; we would warmly solicit him to favour us with further productions.

Erratum,—*in* No. 7, *of the Confidential Communication of a Sylph.*

For "must soon deprive her of her double authority," read, of the *exercise* of her double authority.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

TO A LADY...WITH A ROSE.

A little rose upon its stalk,
I late discovered in my walk;
I took it from its leafy nest,
And doom'd it to an envy'd fate,
To die upon thy snowy breast.
And while I look'd with pitying eyes,
I thus began to moralize
On lovely woman's state.

"At morn this flow'r of lovely hue
"Was nourish'd by the balmy due,
"Which on its glowing petals lay,
"But oh! the sun's too scorching ray,
"Has drawn the moisture all away;
"And this sweet flowret's doom is nigh,
"'Twill pine, 'twill languish, it will die,
"Before the close of day;
"Unless some pitying hand shall spread
"New moisture on its fragrant head,
"Or place it in the chrystal stream
"Secure from Phœbus' scorching beam.
"So 'tis with woman! in life's morn,
"Her op'ning charms the world adorn;
"But almost e'er she reach her prime,
"The blasts of envy or of care
"Nip the sweet rose; and fell despair
"Supplies the place of time.
"Unless the hand of man shall take
"The flower from the thorny brake,
"And shade it in his own alcove,
"And moisten it with dews of love."

Then do not, lovely girl, refuse
To shroud thy beauty's vivid hues
Beneath my fostering shade:
There shalt thou blossom fresh and fair,
Secure from calumny and care,
Till life and charms together fade.

DUPONT.

TO MISS ——

One jocund morn a wreath I wove
Of sweetest flow'rs to deck my fair,
And with the nicest art I strove,
To twine a garland for her hair.

And well I can remember now,
I sung in madness while I wove:
"This wreath shall never deck the brow
"Of any but the girl I love."

And I did twine around thy head,
This wreath compos'd of flowrets rare,
And all its sweets the garland shed,
And scented all the neighb'ring air.

But thou didst snatch the willow bough,
Emblem of sorrow aad despair,
And thou didst bind it round my brow,
And twine its leaves among my hair.

And this thou didst in sportive mood,
But ah! my superstitious mind
On that ill-omen still must brood,
To gloomy doubts and care resign'd.

And since that day incessant grief
Has held a seat within my breast,
Still do I curse the willow leaf,
Which robb'd my bosom of its rest.

DUPONT.

Mr. Easy,

The following lines were written a few days since on a young lady and addressed to me.—As I think they evince genius, I have sent them to you and should you be of the same opinion, you are requested to insert them. M.

Oh! Richard, I little believ'd when we strayed
In the ev'ning so sweet, and with hearts full of glee,
To taste of the spring, and repose in the shade,
How sadly that ev'ning would close upon me.

E'er vesper had lighted her lamp in the west
To prepare for her sister* the empire of night,
A form† such as fancy believes of the blest
In the radiance of beauty burst full on my sight.

Oh little I thought such an angel to meet,
And I gaz'd on each feature with awe and surprize;
And I thought I could gaze on a vision so sweet
Till the last spark of life had escap'd thro' my eyes.

But prudence, who casts o'er each transport a shade,
In accents, so cold, bade the wanderer fear
That his gaze might offend, if perceiv'd by the maid,
And he parted in haste—tho' it cost him a tear!

A prey to despair now the wanderer strays
To the spring in the wood 'midst the shadows of night,
When the fire-fly its magical lustre displays
And sprinkles each vale with its emerald light.

But in vain does he fly to the wood and the spring,
To seek that repose which forever is fled;
Despair, love and anguish, his wearied heart ring
And the turf will soon pillow the wanderer's head!

Oh few the moments of bliss that we know,
And fleeting the joys we are destin'd to share;
Our dreams of delight are but preludes to woe,
Our *visions* of *fancy* but *shades* of despair! B

* *Cynthia.* † *Miss L—— T. G——*

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